

Living Doll

by The Midnight Prince

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Summary: Why? She was boring, so quiet and without any personality. When his parents arranged a meeting with the female heir of the Hijirikawa Corp. Jinguji Ren wasn't pleased at all but when he actually met her, it seems that those dark blue eyes remembered more than he did. Genderbend Version of Hijirikawa Masato, One-Shot

Living Doll

*Living Doll : Nice to meet you again*

"Nice to meet you", she said softly.

He nodded disinterested at the woman sitting in front of him.

She was beautiful, intelligent and graceful. One could consider her as the perfect Japanese wife. Even so he hated her. The reason? She was simply boring. Never did she talk about her opinions or interests. His light blue eyes observed her deep blue ones. Her dark blue hair was pinned gracefully around her delicate neck this time, while she wore a light blue kimono with light pink and red flower pattern. It was the time of the month when they met each other, mostly because of her parents' whishes; to get to know each other better and to be honest he had enough.

"You're so boring, you know", he said then.

She didn't reply but just sat still, ignoring him.

"Did you hear me? Don't you feel insulted or at least angry?".

Silence.

"Hey!". Then he lent back. "God, I can't believe I have to marry you".

Her pale hands were now shaking and she looked down.

Now she's crying. So annoying.

"Look, I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean it", he then said bored.

She didn't look up.

"Gosh".

The next second, he felt pain on his left cheek. She slapped him. Her deep blue eyes furious.

"Don't worry, I'm also sick of pretending being nice to such an idiot like you", her voice wasn't soft like he remembered, rather powerful, like she was used to command people and angry indeed. "You're such a jerk! And I thought we were childhood friends!" He looked at her perplex. "Childhood friend?"

She sat down again and looked to the side, a little bit embarrassed. "Don't remember? We used to sneak out of the party and so".

Memories overcame him, a boy with dark blue hair-his best friend in detail.

"Ah, I thought you were a boy-".

Slap

This time it was his right cheek.

"What was that for?!".

"You just called me a boy!", she exclaimed. "That's embarrassing! Don't make me remember how I looked like!".

"Huh?".

"I gave my best to look as girly as possible, being polite and soft spoken, only because you said I-".

He pressed his lips against hers, silencing her. "You talk too much".

A shade of red tinted her pale face, he smiled, amused by her reaction.

"Then, it's nice to meet you again Hijirikawa".

End
file.